

# VIII Concurs de relats breus

EOI DE MANACOR 2025-2026



# RELATS FINALISTES



Escola Oficial  
d'Idiomes de Manacor

# VIII Concurs de relats breus

EOI DE MANACOR 2025-2026



Alemanya

A1-A2

**1r premi**

*Juana Vives Abellán*

## DIE FREIHEIT

Sie musste ihren Koffer schnell packen. Sie hatte nicht viel Zeit. Ihr Herz schlägt zu schnell. Sie dachte: „Ich muss mich beruhigen“. Dann öffnet sie die Schranktür und legt die Kleidung, ohne hinzusehen, in den Koffer. Sie schließt den Koffer und dann sucht sie die Autoschlüssel. „Wo sind die Schlüssel?“ Sie ist nervös. Sie sieht die Schlüssel auf der Kommode und nimmt sie. Sie geht zur Tür. Die Türklingel klingelt. „Das kann doch nicht sein!“. Sie kann sich nicht bewegen. „Júlia?“, hört sie es von der anderen Seite der Tür. Sie entspannt sich. Es war nicht dieser verdammte Mann. Es war ihre Nachbarin Gina. Sie wartet schweigend, bis sie hört, wie Gina weggeht. Dann öffnet sie die Tür und geht zum Auto. Sie steigt ins Auto und dann denkt sie: „Endlich ist alles vorbei.“ Dann lächelt sie.

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EOI DE MANACOR 2025-2026



Alemanya  
A1-A2  
**2n premi**

*Sergi Andreu Sansó*

SIE

Chiara ist 26 Jahre alt, sie hat im November Geburtstag. Sie kommt aus Bonn, Deutschland und studiert Philosophie und Deutsch an der Universität Koblenz. Sie hat zwei Katzen, Bay und Tami. Sie ist Vegetarierin. Das heißt, sie isst kein Fleisch, denn sie liebt Tiere. Die Hobbys von Chiara sind Malen, Kochen, mit ihren Katzen spielen, Serien sehen, spazieren und zum Spa gehen. Ihre Lieblingsserie ist Bridgerton. Ins Philosophie-Café geht sie auch gerne. Chiara tanzt sehr gut. Sie mag Bachata und Hip-Hop und sie lernt im Moment Salsa.

Ich finde, sie ist sehr schön, interessant und kreativ. Chiara ist toll und süß..., und sie ist meine Freundin.

# VIII Concurs de relats breus

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Alemanya  
B1-B2-C1  
**1r premi**

*Amanda Méndez Lara*

## DER ZUG, DER SIE ZU SICH SELBST FÜHRTE

Als Laura am Bahnhof ankam, war der Zug schon abgefahren. Sie fühlte sich enttäuscht, denn sie hatte diese Reise schon lange vorbereitet, um ihre Schwester zu besuchen. Seit Langem hatte sie sie nicht gesehen, und sie hatte sich das Wiedersehen und die Gespräche, die sie führen würden, schon vorgestellt.

Sie setzte sich auf eine Bank, atmete tief ein und beobachtete, was um sie herum geschah. Ein Kind rannte einer Taube hinterher, ein alter Mann las die Zeitung, und ein Paar stritt miteinander. Laura hatte das Gefühl, dass dieser Ort ihr, trotz ihrer Frustration, irgendwie Ruhe vermittelte. Es war, als würde es sie daran erinnern, dass das Leben nicht immer wie geplant verläuft.

Laura liebte es zu lesen, aber letztens hatte sie keine Zeit dafür. Und wenn sie endlich ein bisschen Zeit zum Lesen fand, konnte sie sich nicht konzentrieren, weil sie zu viele Dinge im Kopf hatte. Doch dieses Mal, während sie auf den nächsten Zug wartete, öffnete sie ihr Buch und begann zu lesen, und ohne es zu merken, war sie ganz in die Geschichte vertieft.

So sehr, dass sie einen kleinen Schreck bekam, als der nächste Zug angesagt wurde. Dann stand Laura mit einem großen Lächeln und einem neuen Gefühl auf. Sie begriff, dass manchmal etwas Negatives, wie das Verpassen eines Zuges, zu einer Gelegenheit werden kann, nachzudenken und zu sich selbst zu finden, etwas, das sie brauchte, ohne es zu wissen.

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Anglès

A1-A2

2n premi

Juan Pont Bauzà

## A NEW FRIEND

She goes to the park every day after school. She sits on a bench. She looks at the trees. Sometimes she feels alone. She thinks about her day.

One day she sees a girl sitting near. The girl is alone. She looks at her. She walks slowly to her. She says "hello." The other girl smiles. She says "hello" too.

She sits next to her. At first, she does not talk much. Then she talks about simple things: her favorite food, her favorite color, her favorite game. They laugh a little. She feels happy.

Since that day, she does not go to the park alone. Now she goes happy. She knows her new friend is there. She learns that friendship can start with a greeting and a smile.

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Anglès  
A1-A2

1r premi

Joana Salas Sureda

This history started in a small town. There was a big family. The father worked on a farm. The mother worked at home, she was a seamstress, and took care of the children. They had four sons and a daughter.

At that time the country was at war. One day the father disappeared. No one knows anything about him.

Three weeks later, they knew the father was in prison for political reasons.

The mother worked all day to feed her family. At night, when the children were sleeping, she sewed for a few hours.

Her children helped with the housework, and the eldest son worked some hours in a bakery.

Finally, the father returned from prison after a year.

This hard-working seamstress was Maria, and she was my grandmother. But her name could be Anastàssia, Hanan, Berhane or Samar.

This history is my tribute to all the women of the world.

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Anglès  
B1-B2  
**1r premi**

*Aljandro Ots Salazar*

## A WORLD ON PAUSE

Every night, when the clock showed 11:50, everything stopped at once. It was not like night coming or a soft silence. It was something different. The second hand froze, a laugh stayed broken in the air, a leaf stopped falling in the middle of the way. Even the smoke from the coffee looked drawn with a pencil, still and perfect. And she, only she, kept moving.

At first, Lucia did not know what to do. She tried many things. She entered closed bookstores and read the last page of the novels. She changed small details that seemed unfair, such as moving an exam someone forgot so it would not get lost or leaving the post more visible. Small things. Nobody noticed. But for her it was enough.

Then, she saw him.

He was always on the same bench in the park, with a notebook in his hands and the face of someone about to find the right words. One night, she came closer than she should. She was not supposed to touch anyone. Even so, she read the title on the page: "For the one who stops time".

She felt a strong pain in her stomach.

When everything moved again, he looked at her without doubt.

–I was waiting for you–he said.

Lucia understood she could not have both things: her ten secret minutes or him.

The next night, the clock showed 11:50. The world kept moving.

She did too.

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Anglès  
B1-B2  
2n premi

*Siham Khatib Naimi*

## THE INVISIBLE FOOTPRINTS

On the morning of March 8th, Emma was walking through the streets of Berlin. She thought about all the women who had walked the same streets, women who fought for a better world. A world without violence, without sexism, without leering stares.

As she walked, her footsteps awakened something strange; a soft glow on the ground followed her footprints, a radiance that seemed to whisper old and forgotten secrets. Emma was taken aback; this sudden glow seemed mysterious. She bent down to touch one of the footprints, and as her fingers gently brushed against the glimmer, a high, soft voice filled her ears:

– I dreamed of being an engineer, but they told me that wasn't for me.

She took a step back, surprised, and watched as the footprints, which shone ever brighter, began to move and intertwine. Each footprint whispered a different story, a dream that for those women was deeply cherished but also the most difficult to achieve. With great confusion, Emma touched another footprint:

– I lost my husband and had to fight so my children could have the life they deserve, to give my daughter an education, and my son values.

Sadly, she touched more footprints; the voice whispered the story of a poet: – I had to hide my literary works for fear of being judged, rejected, or oppressed.

Another footprint told the story of a working woman who fought for rights that today seem so basic, rights like women's freedom of expression, the right to vote, freedom of dress, etc.

Each story she heard struck her harder; each whisper made her heart ache and her skin crawl, as if she were walking alongside them through time. Emma felt she wasn't walking alone; she was walking with all those women who had left invisible footprints throughout the city, fighting in the darkness, where no one could see them.

She continued walking through the city, feeling the invisible footprints accompany her and embrace her warmly. Suddenly, she understood something: those footprints didn't just belong to those women; she, too, left her own with every step she took. Every decision and every fight for justice created new footprints that other women would be able to follow in the future.

Emma closed her eyes, smiled, and let the tears run down her face. She was never alone; she was accompanied by all those brave women. The glow of the footprints began to fade, but they remained, alongside her own, for all eternity.

Every step we take today is an invisible footprint that someone will follow tomorrow.

# VIII Concurs de relats breus

EOI DE MANACOR 2025-2026



Anglès  
C1-C2

2n premi

Caterina Riera Fabre

## THE LIGHTHOUSE KEEPER'S

Clara was seven years old the first time her father carried her up the spiral stairs. At the top, he lifted her onto a wooden stool so she could see the lens -a giant glass prism, impossibly clean, catching the afternoon light and throwing rainbows across the walls-.

Over the years, he taught her everything. How to trim the wick so the flame burned steady and bright. How to polish the lens with chamois leather until it held no fingerprints, no smudges, nothing between the light and the darkness. How to read the barometer, the anemometer, the sky... She learned to trust the rhythm of the waves, the language of the gulls, the way the fog crept in like a cat before a storm. By the time she was sixteen, she could keep the light alone. By eighteen, she often did, sending her aging father down to rest while she stood watch through the long, cold nights. When her father died, Clara stayed.

One November night, a storm rose without warning. The kind of storm that swallows signals and confuses compasses. A fishing boat drifted blind toward the rocks. The captain saw nothing but darkness and rain. Then the light appeared. Just a flash at first, then a steady beam, sweeping across the water. She was there, showing him the way. He followed it past the rocks, into the harbor, to safety.

The next day, nobody went there to thank her. But she didn't mind, she kept working. Because that was her job, because someone has to show the way. Because every time she turned on the lighthouse light, she remembered her father, the first time she climbed those stairs. Because he illuminated her future, and she is willing to play tribute to what they both loved.

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Anglès  
C1-C2

1r premi

## Antònia Rosselló Lliteras

### WILL SHE DARE?

Sunsets and sunrises don't wait. Do you think she will? The sun shines, and she thrives. But perhaps she feels stuck right now.

Postponing her dreams, holding her breath paralysed by worries about what people will say. Lost in the what-ifs of a one-way plane ticket.

Ever wondered what it takes to leave everything behind? Waiting for the anxiety to vanish? Bad news, my friend, there is no magic spell. No matter how long you think about the trip or stare at the world map, nothing will change in the blink of an eye. Hang on, buying it will!

However, will this empower her? Or will it be a temporary escape from reality? The industrial brainwashing machine of social media, selling happiness as owning a huge house, travelling non-stop, having the perfect family or being jobless and rich. Making her believe that everyone has everything figured out. Her grandma warned her! The little things are the big ones in life.

What is freedom anyway? Will she ever know? Simply expressing her truest self? Merely choosing the path she wants to follow? Purely listening to her inner voice? Living according to her values? Surely, it can't be this easy.

Wait a minute! Who said that being yourself is no sweat? Just wishing she dares to chase her dreams. Hoping she falls in love with life, with every detail, the scent of flowers or coffee in the morning. Because one day, she will understand that what truly matters is whether or not she was bold enough to live. Not what could have been.

# VIII Concours de relats breus

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Francès  
A1-A2

**1r premi**

Maria Coloma Riera Ordinas

ELLE

Au cours des siècles passés, les femmes n'avaient pas de vie en dehors de la maison sans un homme, mais, à la maison, elles étaient toujours celles qui contrôlaient tout. Aussi elles étaient celles qui donnaient la vie et prenaient soin des enfants et des personnes âgées.

Aujourd'hui ça a changé, et normalement les femmes et les hommes sont égaux.

Dans toutes les cultures anciennes la féminité était vénérée, pour tout ce qui représente et contrôle la vie; nous parlons en féminin, c'est elle: la terre, la lune, la nature, la mère, la femme,... Au fil du temps, elles ont été et sont des muses d'artistes .

ELLE, quatre lettres qui forment un très joli mot, avec une grande signification. Elle est beaucoup de choses la plupart, très belles et importantes.

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Francès

A1-A2

2n premi

Mercè Rojals Asencio

ELLA

Elle était complètement seule... Elle n'avait pas d'enfants, mari, frères ou sœurs... Elle habitait dans une grande maison, la plus grande du village, avec un jardin merveilleux...

Tous les jours, elle regardait une école qu'il y avait en face de sa terrasse. D'abord, du fauteuil en cuir, elle admirait les élèves pour se sentir un peu mieux et après elle se promenait pour avoir des gens autour.

Un matin qu'elle regardait fixement un homme, il lui avait crié: "Achetez-vous un chien!"

Aucune expression aussi horrible ne l'avait autant aidée, parce qu'elle est allée au chenil et a adopté un chien. Elle a payé les frais et l'a emmené chez elle...

Maintenant, elle se sent courageuse de faire tout ce qu'elle veut grâce à *Ella*, sa copine...

À son avis, la solitude a toujours un prix. La compagnie aussi.

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EOI DE MANACOR 2025-2026



Italià  
A1-A2

## 2n premi

Maria del Pilar Barceló Oliver

### DIPENDE DAL PUNTO DI VISTA

Agnese ha più di vent'anni, ma a guardarla sembra più vecchia. È sempre al mare, con il sale nel corpo e le macchie solari sulla pelle. È spesso sporca, consumata dal sole e dal vento. Lei porta sempre molte cose: bibite, bottiglie di crema, vecchi vestiti, utensili da pesca, corde e reti intrecciate.

Preferisce l'estate all'inverno. In estate la visitano molto, le giornate sono lunghe, luminose e calde. Si sente viva mentre la gente passa felice davanti a dove si trova perché vanno verso la spiaggia. Le piace soprattutto restare davanti al faro al tramonto, quando il cielo si colora di arancione e rosa.

In inverno, invece, fa freddo, piove spesso e i giorni sono corti. Vede pochissime persone... ma un signore la visita una volta alla settimana per assicurarsi che stia bene.

Lei è la barca tradizionale (*un llaüt*) di mio padre, e si chiama Agnes.

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Italià  
A1-A2

**1r premi**

Jordi Gual Santandreu

## NUOVE PAROLE, NUOVI SOGNI

Lucia è una ragazza che vive in un piccolo paese tranquillo vicino al mare. La sua casa è semplice, ma luminosa, e ha una finestra grande. Lavora in una panetteria dove prepara il pane, saluta i clienti e ascolta le storie delle persone. Il lavoro è semplice, ma Lucia lo ama molto.

Durante il lavoro pensa spesso ai suoi sogni: viaggiare in Italia perché ama la lingua italiana e la sua musica. Ogni pomeriggio, dopo il lavoro, torna a casa e studia italiano, apre un libro, legge lentamente e scrive parole nuove. Ascolta dialoghi brevi e ripete le frasi davanti allo specchio. All'inizio capisce poco, fa molti errori e a volte si sente stanca. Ma non si ferma.

Un giorno arriva nel paese un piccolo gruppo di turisti italiani. Entrano nella panetteria e ordinano pane e dolci. Lei ascolta con attenzione e capisce alcune parole; parla lentamente e usa frasi semplici. I turisti sorridono. Dopo questo momento, è molto felice. Sente fiducia e motivazione. La sera racconta la storia nel suo diario e scrive: "Posso imparare. Posso parlare. Posso sognare".

Ogni giorno Lucia cresce un po': continua a lavorare, a studiare e a credere in se stessa. Il suo sogno è vicino, come il mare davanti alla sua finestra.